

50

The Man's Home
Companion!

Adam

V O L . 2 N O . 6





How, Big Cheese!
I'm Jeanne Carmen
ADAM pictureviews
me on Page 16

a word from ADAM

ONE OF THE questions ADAM is asked these days with increasing frequency is—How did Mr. Private-Eye Terry Crawford ever happen? The answer, of course, is extremely complex, but, in essentials, it went something like this:

When Author Michael Weldon approached us on the subject of creating a detective character tailored to ADAM, we told him we wanted the roughest, roughest private eye ever to appear in print, but one whose innate hardness must be muted by sufficient gentility to give the girls and women he won legitimate glamor.

Mr. Weldon blanched and rattled such proficiencies as "Sam Spade" and "Philip Marlowe" and "Mike Hammer." Then he got lost for a while, only to come back with the first Crawford, "No Love for a Corpse", which appeared in the ADAM ANNUAL for 1957. Crawford drew favorable letter response almost at once, and Mr. Weldon has kept coming back with more. Like so many of you, we hope he never stops. ADAM thinks velvet-tongued Crawford is quite a guy, and finds the latest of his adventures—"All That Glitters"—in this issue, as exciting as those which went before.



*Like all good actresses,
Jones knows how to
make the most of her
assets: Betty
impresses gal, no?*

fatalist with figure

by JOSEPH TURNER



STUNNING GREEN-EYES, (they keep changing color), platinum-haired ("by nature, it's disk as ink India ink, that is") Jeanne Carmen, one of Hollywood's sunniest young actresses, is a self-announced fatalist. A fatalist, in case you don't know, is someone who believes whatever will be will be ("Que sera sera") and there's no sense worrying about it or trying to buck the tide.

In her own words, "Ambition? I guess I don't have any. All I do is drift along, doing what comes naturally, and wait and see what happens. You might call me a confident fatalist."

This gorgeous gal has her reasons for such a philosophy. Among them to date:

A highly precocious and luscious fifteen-year-old, Jeanne (that's her real name, Jeanne Carmen), then living in St. Louis, took a one-week high-school-vacation visit to her Aunt Lily in New York City. With her bags all packed for the return trip, she decided to visit a boy she had been dating back home. Said boy was playing in Bert Lahr's revival of "Burdlesque" (a drama, not a type of alleged entertainment), and Jeanne had met him and some of the rest of the company while it was being put through its pre-Broadway paces in the Moon City (we already told you she was precocious).

While she was backstage, she was introduced to the great Bert Lahr himself, who was eating an apple at the time. He looked at her over the exposed core and said, "Hello. Are you going with the show?" (the revue was about to leave New York on tour, having completed its Broadway run).

Said Jeanne, moderately confused, "I'm not with the show. I'm going home to St. Louis tomorrow."

Said Lahr, "No you're not. You're going with the show."

Result, she went with the show. When the stage manager asked if she

could dance, her friend said, "Sure she can," although she scarcely knew a buck from a wing, to say nothing of time-steps, arabesques or entre-chats.

"I got by somehow," she says, "though I damn near crippled the rest of the chorus."

The tour wound up at the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles, where Jeanne was just about the only cast or chorus member to get a bid from a major Hollywood studio, in this case RKO-Pathé of unassisted memory. The talent scout who spotted her doing her chorus-and-specialty stuff (by this time she had graduated to doing a strip with Lahr himself) told the stage-manager he wanted to talk to the gal on the right end of the chorus. The manager, who refused to believe his ears after enduring months of Jeanne's raw hooting, brought him the gal on the left end, certain the scout had made a mistake. When informed the scout wanted Jeanne the manager cried, "You can't mean her—she's a lousy dancer!"

But Jeanne had (and has) other assets, including a five-foot-six-inch frame whose proportions, at 122 pounds, are just about perfect (the tapes in at 37-24-37), those epaulet grey-green eyes and a sort of rough-and-ready, easy-going charm that projects like 25-karat gold. So she got the offer and promptly turned it down in favor of marriage, back in New York, with an Italian opera tenor ("who shall be nameless"). This happened eight years ago, when Jeanne was 16.

"I must have been out of my mind, she says now, "but I really loved the guy. He was a helluva singer, but I didn't dig that *any* more stuff any more than he dug the hill-billy digests I go for. We stuck it out for six years—no children, thank God!—and, by that time, he was digging mountain music while I went for opera the most."

In the meantime, married or not, Jeanne was engaged in her favorite pastime of drifting, becoming a top photographic model (and why not?) and being voted queen of just about everything, from Miss Crab-Apple of 1930 to the Rebellious annual New York Press Photographers' Ball in 1933. Also, she drifted side-saddle on to TV, where she fished for Bob Hope



Doing the 1930 hit, digging it up, diving, dancing the epidemic or delousing a script in the end, Jeanne always looks the part

**A rather frank look
at Hollywood actress
Jeanne Carmen—
o gol you'll enjoy
knowing**

*At home, or on the links, she
hits the ball a country mile!*



and Jacky Gleason and picked for various producers and even handled herself well on major dramatic projects (how else can a gal like that handle herself?)

Jeanne's drifting paid off in a totally unexpected direction when she was assigned to play foil on a TV interview for Jack Redmond, one of golf's all-time champion trick shot artists. In rehearsal, when Redmond asked her if she had ever played golf, Jeanne replied, "Heaven no! I don't even know what it is."

He told her to take a swing and handed her a club. Being left-handed (this wonderful wench is strictly from the southern side, even to being born in Texas and having an exceedingly amiable oil income to support her drifting), she demanded a left-handed club. Someone dug one up, and she took a swipe at the ball and all but drove it through the canvas curtain in the studio.

"My God!" and the incredulous Redmond. "Take another swing."

The same way? asked Jeanne. Redmond nodded, and she nearly drove another ball through the curtain. "Seven times!" roared the trick-shot pro.

No fool he... his marriage led him to decide a gal with Jeanne's looks and natural swing could be made into an asset for his act. "From then on," she says, "he became a sort of Sweden golf. He practiced me until my hands were solid blisters, but at the end of six months I could make every trick shot in the game either he or anyone

else ever made. Such shots, for the uninitiated, include driving a ball from a recumbent person's legs without removing nose or teeth, picking ball with club from the dial of a watch and other, similar delicacies.

"We went on tour with a seven-minute act," she continues, "doing country club substitutes, sports shows and television bits. The lot was great—we drew a grand a show—but the whole bit got pretty wearing, especially with Jack making me practice all day, every day, and my husband tagging along and playing the jealous act from *Come to Coast*."

As the months passed, the little troupe became one prolonged licker commiserate. They were during across-country to a date one day, when Redmond spotted a roadside driving range and decided to stop and give his precious partner another workout. "He wanted me to wear my spiked golf shoes," says Jeanne, "and I didn't feel like changing into them. He got bossy and pointed a finger at me, telling me to do what he said, or else, so I grabbed his finger and bit it. That was the end of the golf bit. It was about the end of the marriage bit, too."

This experience, apart from the money it made Jeanne, proved costly, depriving her of both a husband and virtually any potential love for golf. In all this time, she had never actually played a round of the ancient Scottish game. When she decided to take a crack at it, for luck, once she was free of Sweden and spouse, her partner had to show her how to tee up for a drive. But then she shot a sensational 80 from the men's tees her first around.

Early in 1956, when heart-whole, fancy-free Jeanne trekked to Hollywood, she decided to try to get some fun out of the game, so she joined the Riviera Country Club and began to play daily. She shot the 70's consistently, again from the men's, not the women's tees, and it is probably

a good thing her next major drift interrupted her, or the Bauer Sisters, Betty Hicks, Patty Berg and the other top women golf-pros would have another hot rival to worry them. As Jeanne says, however, "I really hate golf... probably because I had so much fun under such pressure I felt as if I were a slave to the game."

This next decade drift appeared at the Riviera one afternoon in the person of a Hollywood agent who said, "I think you're just right for a picture they're making. They need a free-moving girl like you for the lead."

The picture was a Lippert production, a cowboy quickie called "The Three Outlaws." In it, Jeanne had to ride a horse, of course. Says she, "I was brought up with the animals on a farm we had outside of St. Louis, but I'm scared half out of my wits every time I sit a saddle. Jesus, am I scared! Still, I fake it pretty good, like a lot of other things."

Her rushes in the "Outlaw" thing won her an important part in an Indian mother ("Up-ug-ah") in a Bel-Air production called "War Drums", which in turn got her the second lead to Marlene Van Dorn in Warner's "Untamed Youth: I Love Marne," says Jeanne, "but I was the villainess and had to push her around."

She then opened in a Los Angeles phenomenon called "Pajama Tops" (ADAM, Vol. 1, No. 12), playing the lead against songstress Dawn Darin (also ADAM, Vol. 1, No. 12) in one of the lowest longest-running fairs ever. It was during her run in this tawful and scary item that she faced near disaster when, supposed to remove her coat onstage, she tried to fling it off only to have the living catch inextricably on a headlight dimmed the sports (on a non-engagement finger, praise Allah!). "That," she admits, "was a little bit crazy."

On another occasion, she admits to firing with one of the actors in the wings, while waiting for a cue to join

No French dolls in Jeanne's bedroom—but then, she herself is almost more doll than any mere woman should be asked to take



a scene being played by Diana Dorn and Richard Vahl. Says Jeanne, "There I was, having a ball, and I missed my cue completely. When I got back in focus, I heard all these strange sounds coming from onstage and thought Diana and Dick had forgotten their lines and were ad-libbing."

They were ad-libbing, all right, but only because I hadn't entered when I was supposed to. They were sweating blood. Finally, Diane edged on exit for herself and came onstage and grabbed me and said, "Get on, you SOB!" I was too mixed up and in the wrong to resent her calling me anything just then. I didn't let my attention wander again for anyone or anything while I was with the show from then on."

However, she was pulled out in short order to play a star role in a semi-documentary for Allied Artists called "Portland Exposé", a civic-corruption study. Then she went back to the local drama (?) in "School for Brides" at the Forum, playing the lead, and took time out for a second starring part in "Guns Don't Argue," which she terms "another small movie."

After that, she went back to Warner's and Maime Van Doorn to do a large bit in "Born Reckless", giving her an imposing score for a gal who hit Hollywood early in 1956, without an agent or any plans but to play golf and live it up in her recently-won marital freedom.

Since then, Jeanne made her movie dancing debut in the important Warner's production of Diana Barrymore's controversial, "Too Much Too Soon." She played a stripper for the first time since her tour with Bert Lahr, a girl named "Tassels" ("I think that's cute, don't you?").

So she's dancing again, and she doesn't make any bones about her talent or lack of it in that direction. Says she, "I just walked in and said, 'Look, fellows, I'm not a dancer, but I'm gonna fake it good, so bear with me, and we'll be okay.'"

Chances are about 1,000 to one she will, too. This gal (who believes in wearing a bra but nothing else underneath) may be a fastball, but once fate points a finger for her, she doesn't bite it, but gives it every assist she can. She has recently bought herself a house just above Sunset Plaza in Beverly Hills, overlooking the city ("one of those fabulous views").

She has a twin brother, Don Carmen, whom she adores as. "He's a racing-car driver, and a good one," she admits, adding, "also a playboy of the first water."

For herself, she drives a rather special Chrysler 360, one of those



Put a towel around her middle, and Jeanne could be any young girl leaving a retreat from her bath. Well, almost any young girl.

large, streamlined monsters souped up to deliver a speed of 160 miles per hour on a straightaway. "I know there's no percentage in going so fast, but I can't help it," she admits. "I guess my brother and I both have love of speed in our veins."

In the matter of hobbies, Jeanne is as direct as in everything else that concerns her. Says she, "Who's got time for hobbies? Between fittings and lessons and rehearsals and studio waits and acting, I'm lucky to even in an occasional ball. Sell, I love this work and I love being lucky enough to be doing it. The only reading I do is

movie and TV scripts. I haven't even had time to start decorating my house."

When it comes to men and sex, she says of them respectively, "I love them," and, "I love it." Which is a wonderful, wonderful break both for men and for sex, which would be greatly the losers without her.

With her looks, her charm, her gifts, her luck and her blazing new career, Jeanne Carmen seems to be making this fastman pinch pay off. But then, ADAM has a hunch this gal could and would make anything pay off, once she had decided to try it.



A Bold Pictureview of Jeanne
Carmen . . . see pg 16

ADAM in words

He Yearned To Smash His
Bloody Glove In Her Beautiful
Face see pg 4

ADAM Salutes Sporting Ladies
see pg 10

Casanova Returns To Fields Of
Youthful Dalliance . . . see pg 13

A Tale Of Ultimate Horror In
The Future see pg 22

Private Eye Crawford In Search
Of Stolen Gems see pg 36

The Scandal Reed To Success
see pg 30

ADAM in pictures

Paulo McNeil in the Flesh
see pg 7

Photo Night At A Strip Joint
see pg 54

Fishing In The Raw . . . see pg 64



How To Keep a Woman . . . see pg 21